

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

# MILITARY

DECEMBER  
No. 14

COMICS

10¢

SM  
A



PLUS  
SECRET  
WAR NEWS  
and  
many  
others

TONDELEYO,  
MYSTERIOUS GIRL OF  
THE EAST, BECOMES  
PART OF THE  
BLACKHAWK'S  
MIGHTIEST  
ADVENTURE!

15  
PAGES OF  
DYNAMIC  
DYNAMITE  
!







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THE  
HEAD  
LINES**

*See*  
**UNCLE  
SAM**  
IN  
*Action*

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# ARMY

STORIES OF MILITARY  
ACTION ON LAND  
*Section 1*



WE, BLACKHAWKS HAVE KNOWN FEAR...NOT THE KIND OF FEAR ORDINARY MEN KNOW, BUT TERROR THAT TURNS THE LIVING HEART TO DUST AND SCORCHES THE BRAIN! YES, WE HAVE KNOWN FEAR, AND IT IS NOT UGLY, AS MEN THINK. IT IS BEAUTIFUL! IT IS AS BEAUTIFUL AS THE WOMAN WHO CALLED HERSELF **TONDELEYO!**



*This story has no beginning, and no end. It is as timeless as the mind of man!*



ONE EVENING, IN BERLIN, AT A BANQUET IN HONOR OF THE REIGNING NAZI ACE HANS OBERST...



TO THE GREATEST FLYER IN THE WORLD MAY HE DRIVE THE VERDAMMTE ENGLISH FROM THE SKIES!

BUT THE GUEST OF HONOR IS NERVOUS. HE TAKES THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY TO LEAVE



LEAVING SO SOON, HANS?

I... I HAVE A SLIGHT HEAD-ACHE. TELL THE OTHER GUESTS I'LL BE BACK!

MINUTES PASS, AND OBERST DOES NOT RETURN. THEN



WHAT WAS THAT?

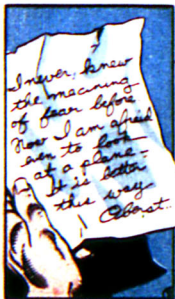
IT SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT!!

IN AN ADJOINING ROOM THEY FIND HANS OBERST... A SUICIDE?



HE'S SHOT HIMSELF... AND THIS WHITE ROSE CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND... WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

HALT'S MAUL! COME HERE! I CAN NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT THIS MEANS!!



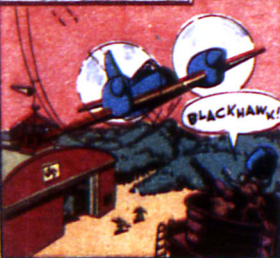
I never knew the meaning of fear before. Now I am afraid even to look at a plane. It is better this way, Oberst.



HANS OBERST WAS THE BRAVEST MAN I EVER KNEW. HE FEARED NOTHING... NOT EVEN DEATH!



LATER... A PLANE SWOOPS DOWN IN A DARING RAID ON A NAZI AIRBASE IN NORTHERN FRANCE.



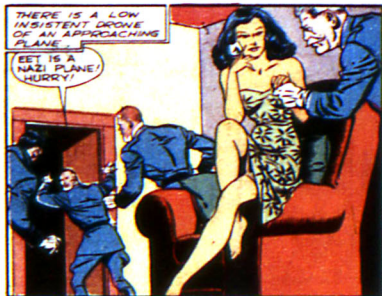
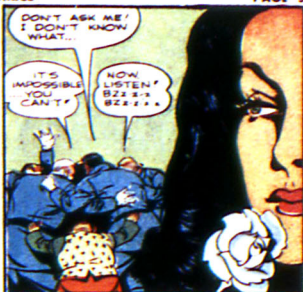




# BLACKHAWK RETURNS HOME...



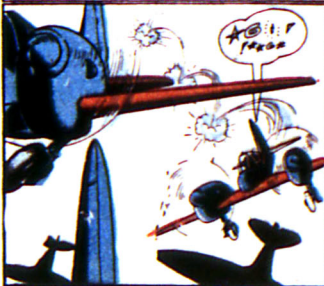




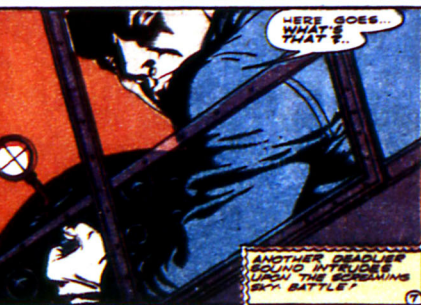
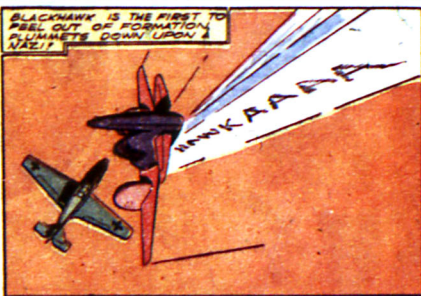




MOMENTS LATER THE BLACKHAWKS TAKE OFF



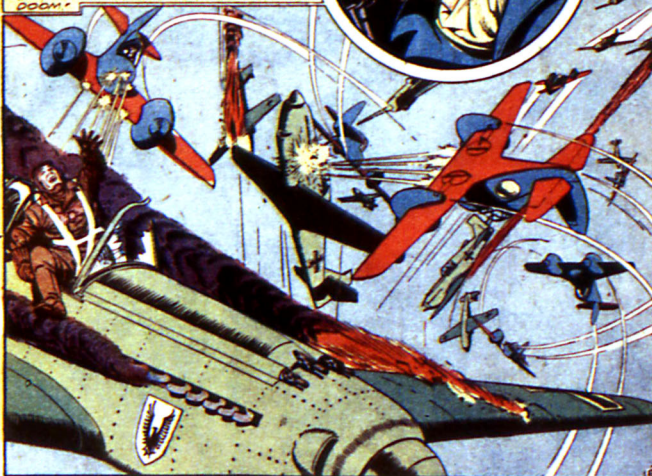




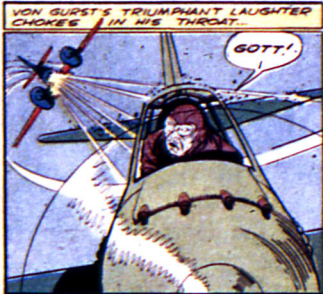
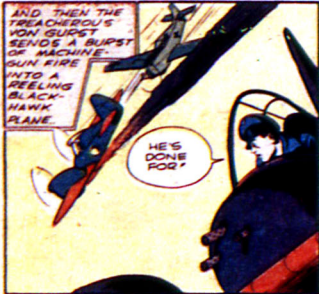




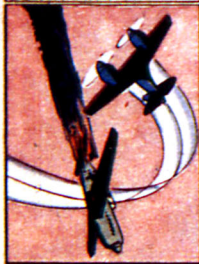
OUTNUMBERED FIFTY TO ONE, THE BLACKHAWK'S FIGHT BACK SAVAGELY. THEIR BLASTING GUNS SEND PLANE AFTER PLANE TWISTING AND TURNING TO A FIERY DOOM!







LIKE AN AVENGING FURY BLACKHAWK STRIKES!



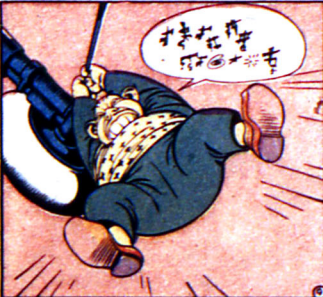
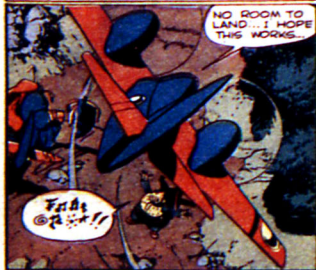
AND VON GURST DIES...



THERE'S STILL A CHANCE THAT NAZI I'D GO DOWN AND HAVE A LOOK!



BLACKHAWK SWOOPS LOW OVER THE TREES, AND IN A SMALL CLEARING HE FINDS...





AT THIS VERY INSTANT, HENDRICKSON MAKES A FATAL... DECISION...



SLOWLY, SLOWLY HENDRICKSON RAISES THE GUN TO HIS TEMPLE....





BLACKHAWK RETRIEVES THE GUN...  
AND SOME STRANGE INSTINCT DRAWS  
HIS GAZE TO THE DOORWAY -



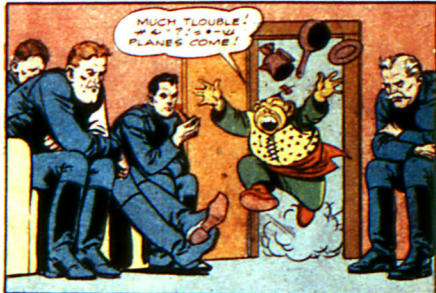
TONDELEYO GOES SILENTLY TO THE TABLE...  
AGAIN SHE PICKS UP THE WHITE ROSE -



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW A STRANGENESS  
COMES UPON THE RECKLESS, LAUGHING BLACKHAWKS...  
THEY NO LONGER LAUGH... THE PLANES LIE  
RUSTING IN THE HANGARS, AND ALWAYS LIKE  
SOME EVIL PRESENCE, THERE IS THE  
WOMAN KNOWN AS TONDELEYO -



AND THEN ONE DAY...





A HIGH EXPLOSIVE BOMB ERUPTS INTO A HUGE GEYSER OF EARTH... A SOLITARY FIGURE DASHES FOR THE HANGAR -



I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

BLACKHAWK TAKES TO THE AIR - ALONE!



THAT'S FOR HENDRICKSON!

LAUGHING WILDLY, BLACKHAWK PLUNGES TO THE ATTACK... AND HIS GUNS THRU AN INSANE MELODY OF DEATH!



HA-HA-HA! COME ON, BLACKHAWK'S... HAWKAA-AA!

YOU HEAR UM BLACKHAWK! HIM FIGHT! MAYBE GET KILLED... WHEN BLACKHAWK DIE, HIS FLIENS TO BLAME!



I'M GOING UP THERE! BY GAR, I GO TOO!

ME GET KNIFE! WE SHOW UM! WE KNOCK UM DOWN LIKE TEN-PING!



FOOLS!... DEATH WAITS FOR YOU UP THERE!



BLACKHAWK! HE'S GOING TO CRASH!

BLACKHAWK'S AMMUNITION IS GONE... THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, HE DIVES ON A NAZI BOMBER!



ONLY ONE THING TO DO!  
I'M FINISHED ANYWAY...  
BUT I CAN TAKE ONE  
MORE WITH ME!

A TERRIBLE PENDING CRASH OF METAL AND THE TWO PLANES PLUNGE EARTHWARD... LOCKED IN A DEATH-EMBRACE!



HE'S DEAD  
BLACKHAWK'S  
DEAD!

GET OUT  
OF THE  
WAY!

AGAIN THE RALLYING CRY OF THE BLACKHAWKS RINGS OUT



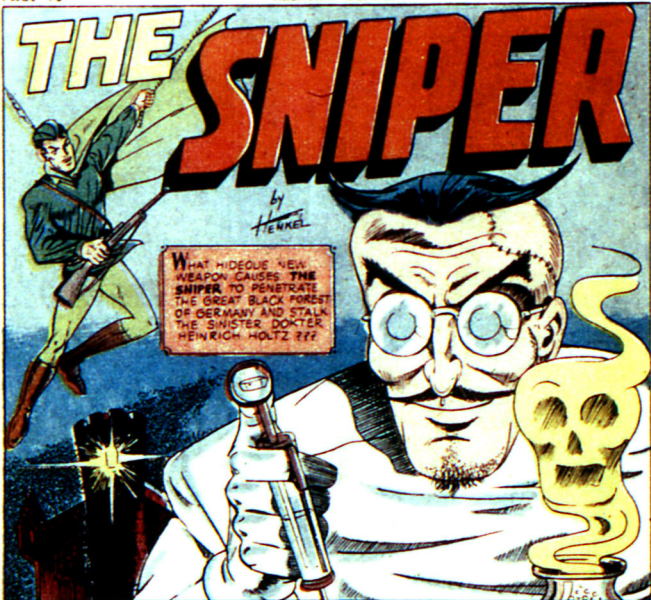
HAWKAA-AA!

AND SECONDS LATER THE BLACKHAWKS HURL THEMSELVES INTO BATTLE... FIGHTING WITH THE COLD FURY OF MADMEN... FIGHTING FOR THEIR LOST LEADER!









SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY...







BUT WHEN THE CLUB-FOOTED  
GIANT EXITS, DR. KARL CRAWLS  
SLOWLY PAINFULLY AWAY...

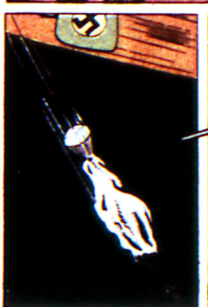


LATER, HIGH ATOP THE EIFFEL  
TOWER IN NAZI-OCCUPIED PARIS  
A FAINT SHORT WAVE MESSAGE IS  
RECEIVED...



THE SNIPER LEAVES HIS  
SECRET LAIR BY A  
SPECIALLY DESIGNED CABLE









SUDDENLY..



THE LIFE-  
LESS BODY OF  
DR. KARLT! AND  
HIS ARM IS...



"POINTING  
THE WAY TO  
THE SECRET  
LABORATORY!"



MEANWHILE UNKNOWN OF  
THE DISASTER, THE SNIPER  
CONTINUES HIS SEARCH.

"AH! I HAVE  
PICKED UP  
SOME KIND  
OF A TRAIL!"

NOW TO  
INVESTIGATE  
DR. HOLTZ'S  
MYSTERIOUS  
CITADEL!



LOOKS LIKE  
AN ARMY  
OF SOLDIERS  
ENTERING THE  
GATE!!



"AH! THE  
LAST DIVISION  
OF SOLDIERS  
HAS ARRIVED.  
HA..NA..HA!"



OTHER MEN HAVE  
ACCOMPLISHED MIRACLES,  
BUT I AM ACCOMPLISHING  
THE GREATEST MIRACLE  
OF ALL, HUGO, I AM  
REDUCING MEN BEYOND  
THE VISION OF THE  
NA 'ED EYE!



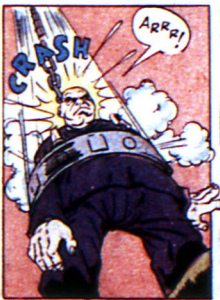
DR. HOLTZ'S DETRACTO-MACHINE IS PREPARED...



A DEEP HUM FILLS THE ROOM AND THE NAZI TROOPS SLOWLY FADE AWAY!







DR. HOLTZ ATTEMPTS TO GET AWAY  
WITH HIS MICROBE ARMY...

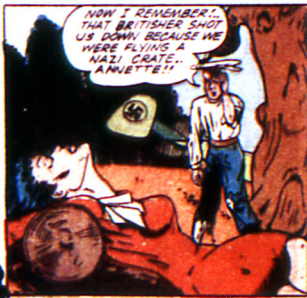
HA...WHEN I GET  
OUT OF HERE I'LL  
BLOW UP THE  
CASTLE AND  
THE SNIPER!



BUT AS THE SNIPER SHOOTS,  
HOLTZ PRESSES A SECRET BUTTON  
AND...



MEAN  
WHILE  
SOME  
WHERE  
IN  
THE  
BLACK  
FOREST  
THE  
SNIPER'S  
FRIENDS  
STIR..



I WAS AFRAID  
YOU WERE A  
GONER MAMSELLE!

UH!



WHEN I AWOKE  
I THOUGHT I  
HEARD A BIG  
EXPLOSION IN  
THE DISTANCE!

CHICO  
LOOK!



THE  
SNIPER!

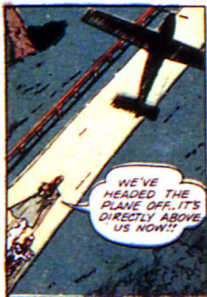
I CAN SEE  
ALL OF US  
MET WITH  
MISFORTUNE!



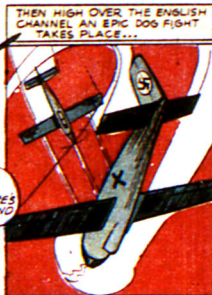




THE SNIPER  
DIVES...

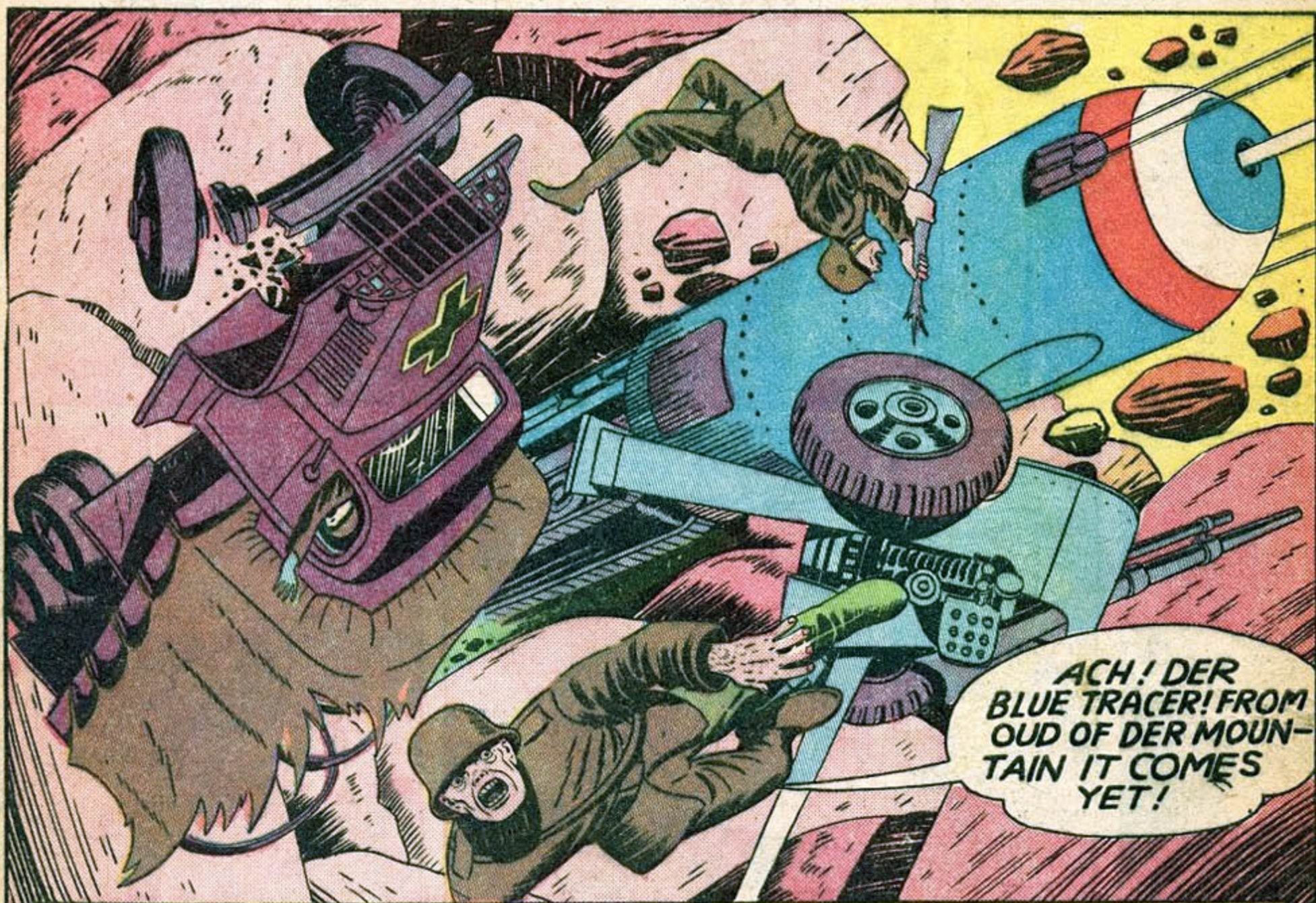








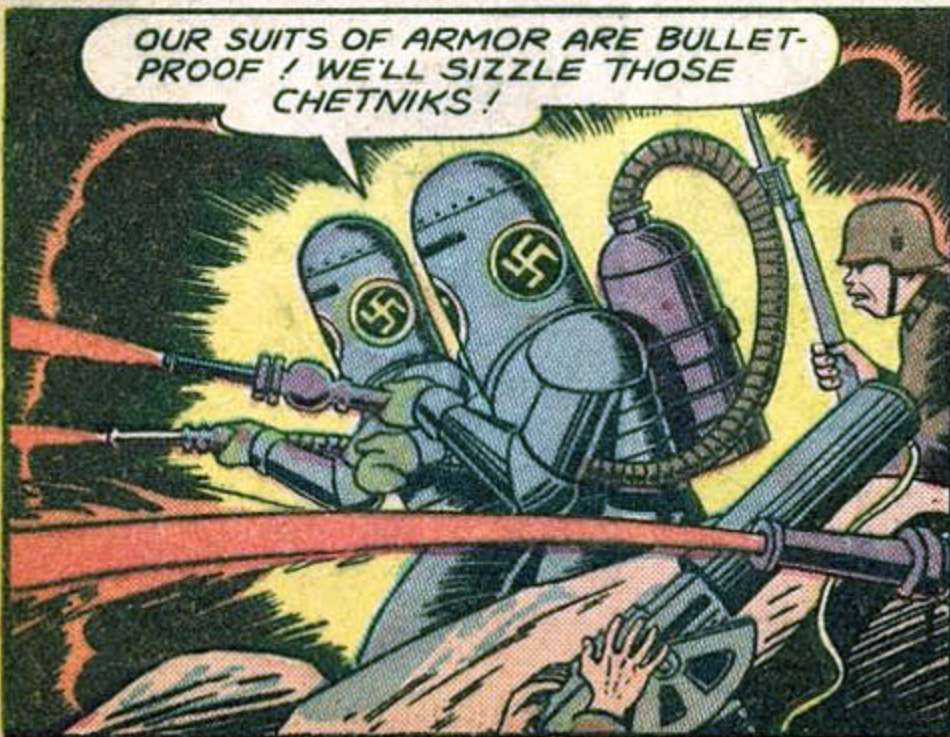
# THE BLUE TRACER



IN THE MOUNTAINOUS BALKANS, THE CHETNIK FORCES OF YUGOSLAVIA'S GENERAL MIKHAILOVITCH WAGE FIERCE GUERRILLA WAR ON THE NAZIS. TO THEIR AID COMES THE BLUE TRACER, THE FORMIDABLE FIGHTING MACHINE OF CAPTAIN BILL DUNN AND BOOMERANG JONES.

IN A FEROCIOUS ATTEMPT TO DRIVE THE YUGO-SLAV PATRIOTS FROM THEIR STRONGHOLDS, THE NAZIS ATTACK WITH FLAME THROWERS.

OUR SUITS OF ARMOR ARE BULLET-PROOF! WE'LL SIZZLE THOSE CHETNIKS!



WE HAVE TO FALL BACK TO THE NEXT LINE. OUR RIFLES FAIL TO STOP THOSE ARMORED NAZIS!

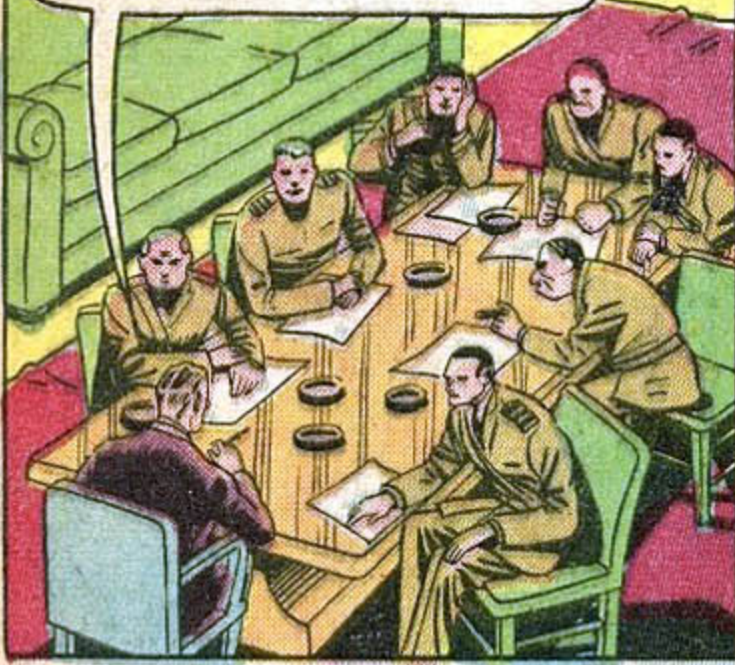
WE NEED HELP - BUT WE'LL FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN!





MEANWHILE - IN WASHINGTON D.C.

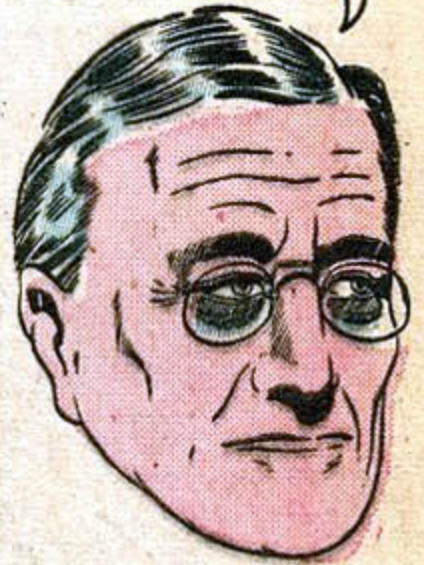
...WE MUST HELP MIKHAILOVITCH.  
HIS GUERRILLAS HAVE KILLED  
THOUSANDS OF NAZIS...



BUT THE ONLY WAY TO CONTACT  
THEM IS BY AIR! THEY HAVE NO  
PLANE BASES SO WHAT CAN  
WE SEND TO A MOUNTAINOUS  
REGION LIKE THAT?



THE BLUE  
TRACER! AND  
I'VE JUST TALKED  
TO DUNN AND  
JONES PRIVATELY!



STEP OUT,  
GENTLEMEN!

BILL-AND  
BOOMERANG!



GOOD LUCK, MR.  
JONES! DON'T  
FORGET TO LOOK  
FOR THE WHITE  
CIRCLE!

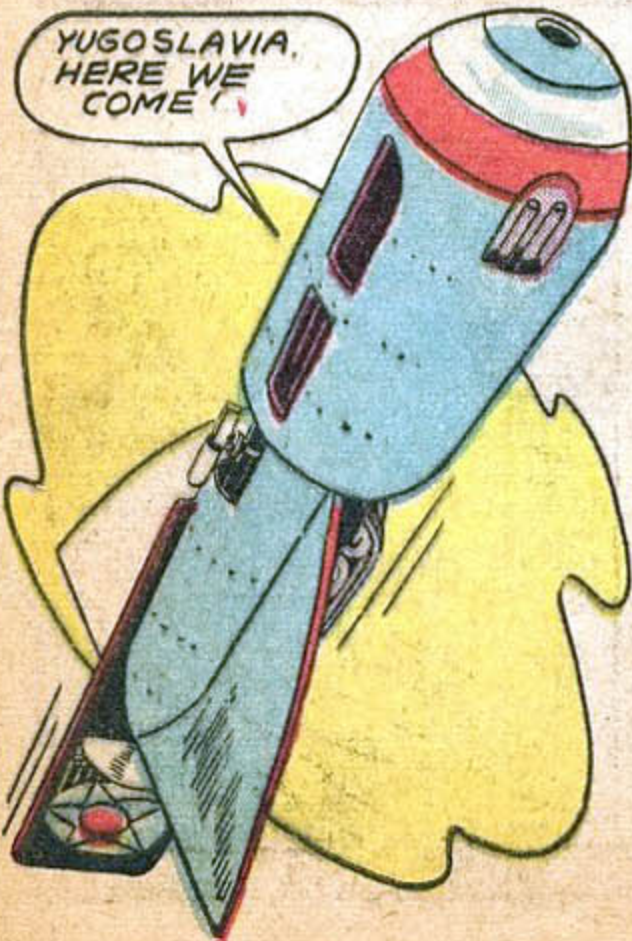
N-NO SIR!  
I MEAN TH-  
THANK YOU,  
SIR! B'HOOP.  
B'HOOP!



FROM ITS HIDDEN HANGAR THE  
BLUE TRACER TAKES OFF.



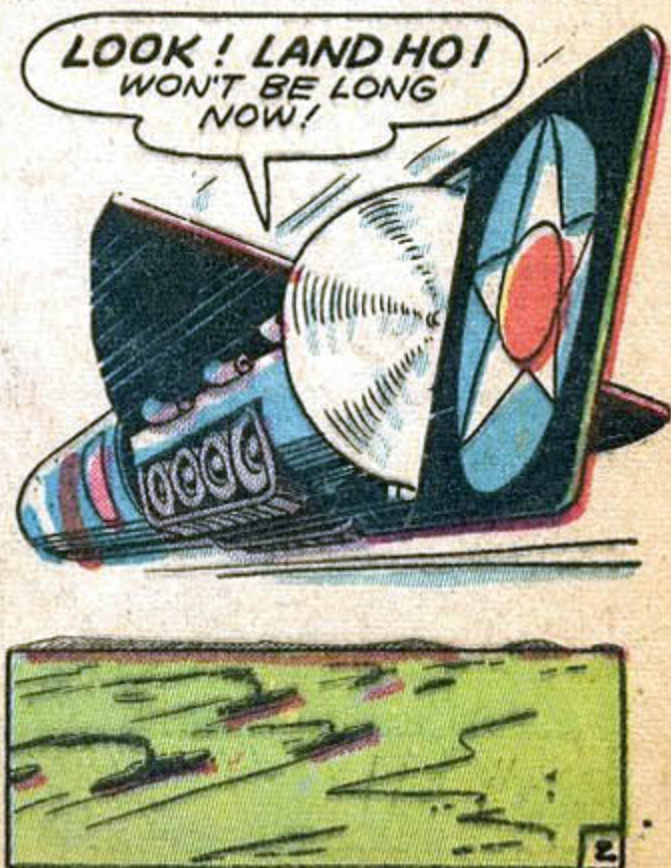
YUGOSLAVIA,  
HERE WE  
COME!



WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A  
JOB IN THOSE MOUNTAINS.  
TOUGH PLACE FOR  
LANDINGS!



LOOK! LAND HO!  
WON'T BE LONG  
NOW!





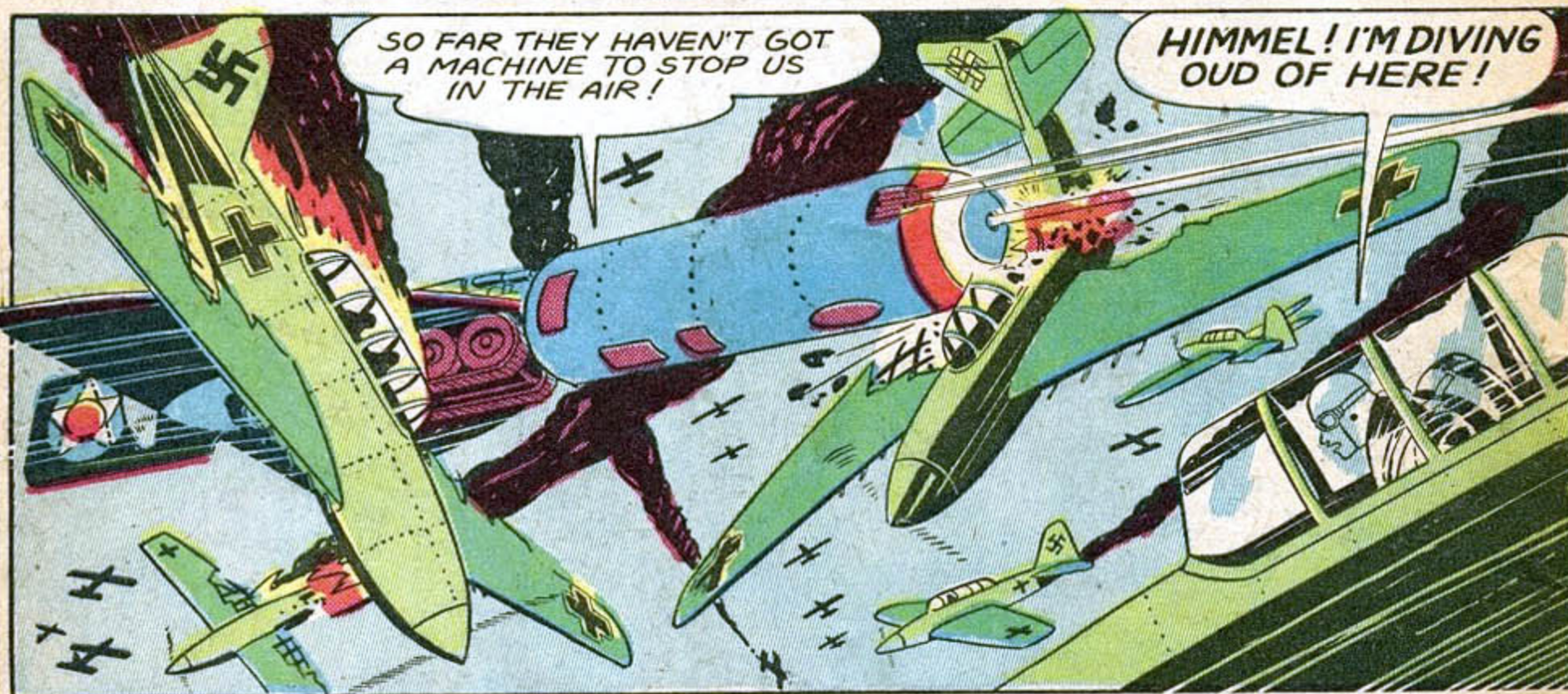
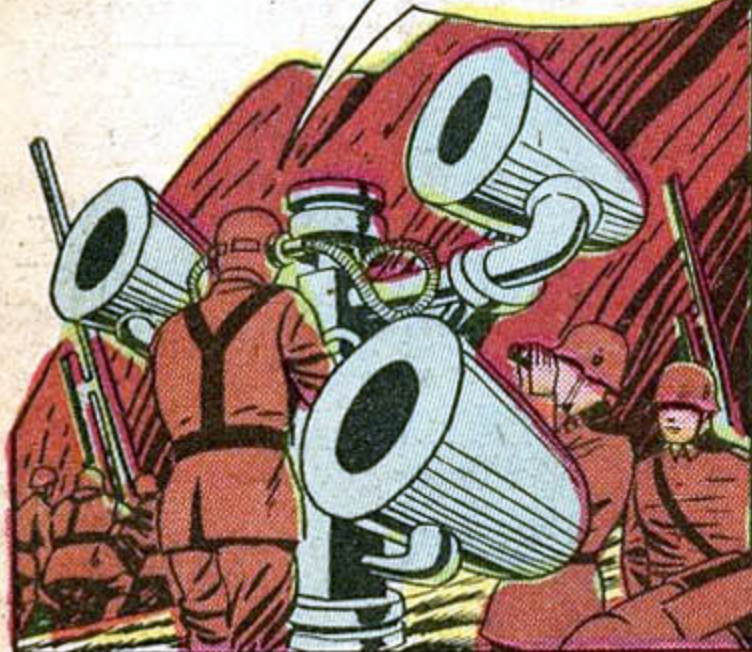
AT A NAZI LISTENING POST.

ONLY ONE MOTOR MAKES THAT NOISE - IT'S THE BLUE TRACER!

NOTIFY THE LUFTWAFFE TO INTERCEPT THE BLUE TRACER AT ALL COSTS - IT'S HEADING TOWARDS YUGOSLAVIA!

HANG ON - WE'RE GOING THROUGH!

LOOK AT THOSE MESSERSCHMITTS SWARMING UP!



SO FAR THEY HAVEN'T GOT A MACHINE TO STOP US IN THE AIR!

HIMMEL! I'M DIVING OUT OF HERE!

WE'VE MADE IT - AHEAD OF US IS THE BALKANS AND YUGOSLAVIA!

WATCH FOR THE SIGN!

IN THE SKY! THE BLUE TRACER FROM AMERICA!

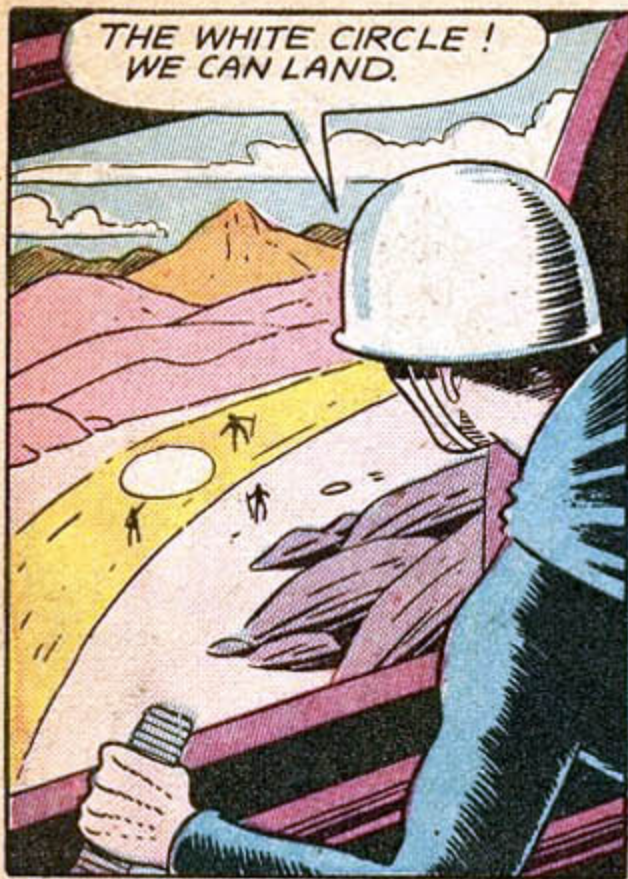
UNCOVER THE WHITE CIRCLE!

ON A MOUNTAIN ROAD THE CHETNIKS DRAG OFF A TARPULIN.

NOW THEY CAN SEE WHERE TO LAND!



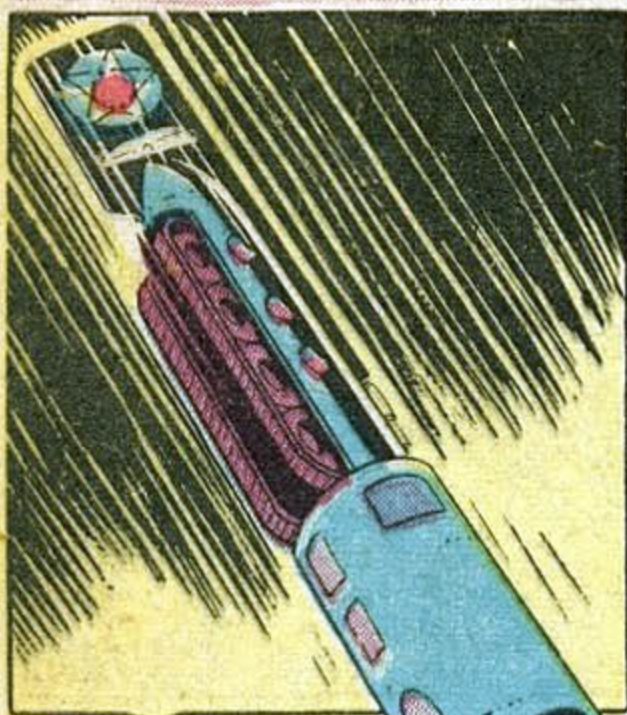






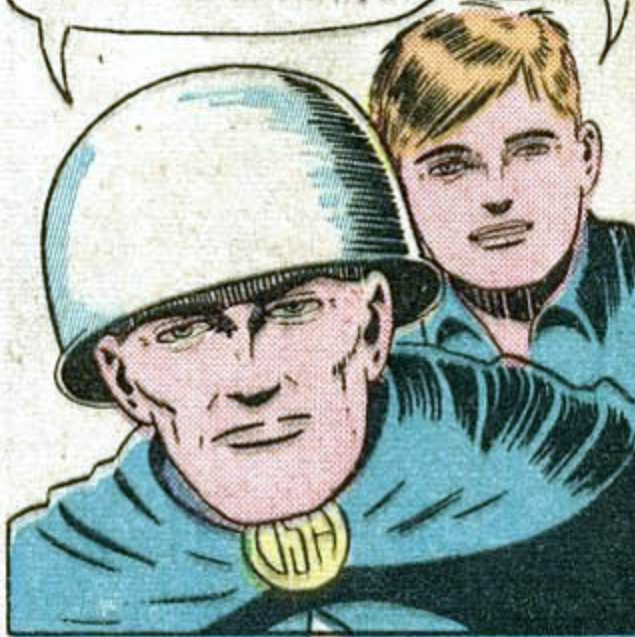


FOLDING ITS TELESCOPIC WINGS THE BLUE TRACER DIVES LIKE A HUGE SCREAMING SHELL!



THIS IS THE SUPREME TEST - EITHER WE GO THROUGH OR WE SCATTER OURSELVES OVER THE BALKANS!

BULLETS GO THROUGH OBJECTS - SO CAN WE!



OPEN FIRE!



THE INDOMITABLE MACHINE SMASHES INTO THE MOUNTAIN'S CORE!



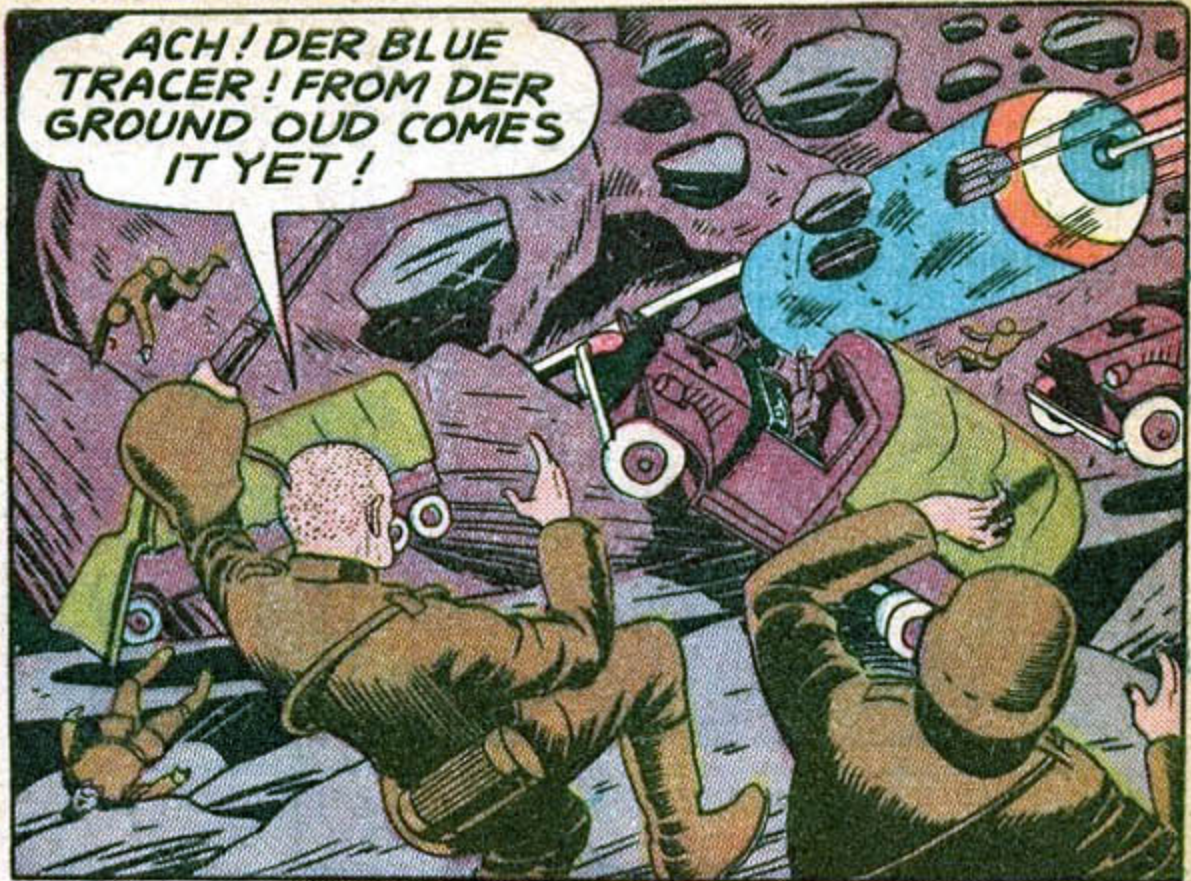


ON THE NAZI SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

HIMMEL! DER EARTH  
ISS SHAKING! VOT  
ISS ID?



ACH! DER BLUE  
TRACER! FROM DER  
GROUND OUD COMES  
IT YET!



THE CHETNIK GUERILLAS SWARM  
THROUGH THE TUNNEL DUG BY  
THE BLUE TRACER!



CHEJNIKS-  
RUN!

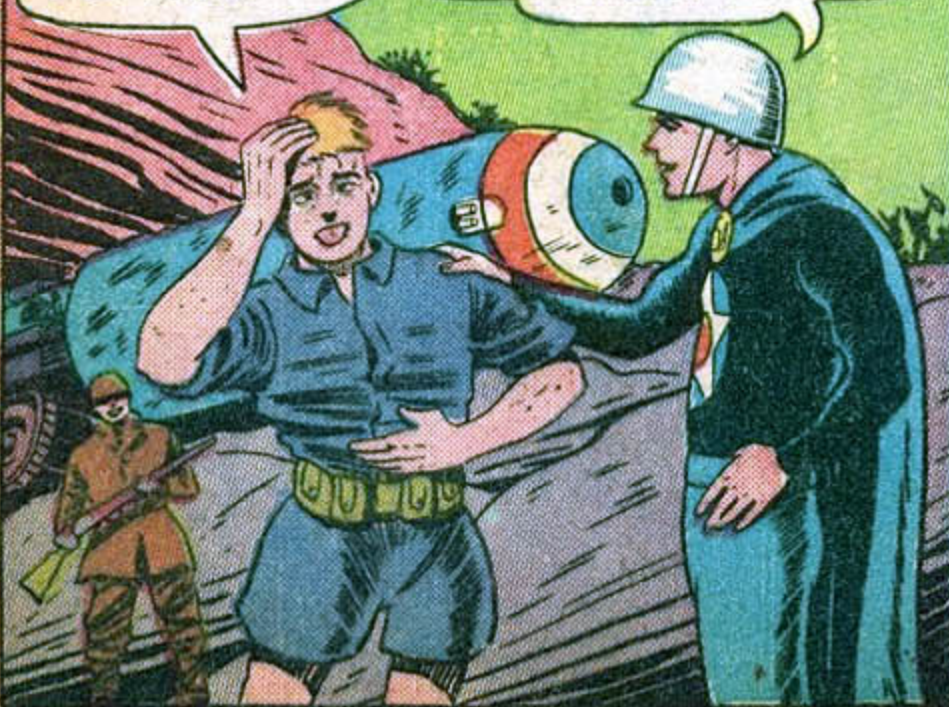


WE GOT'EM LICKED!  
DRIVE 'EM OUT OF  
YUGOSLAVIA!



W-WE DID IT  
AGAIN! PHEW!  
G-GIVE M-ME AN  
ASPIRIN!

SURE THING, PAL-  
AND OUR MACHINE  
NEEDS SOME ATTENTION,  
TOO!



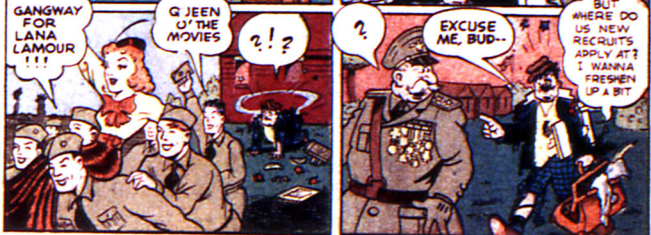
WELL - IT DIDN'T TAKE  
THEM LONG TO REPAIR  
THEIR SHIP AND  
RETURN TO ACTION!

AND WHEN YOU SAY  
ACTION YOU AREN'T  
KIDDING. THOSE  
AMERICANS DON'T  
FOOL!





# JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



Johnny Doughboy will amuse you in each issue of **MILITARY COMICS**.

**NAVY****STORIES OF MILITARY  
ACTION AT SEA**  
*Section 2.*

# PHANTOM CLIPPER



ORDERS FOR THE DAY:—  
MEN OF THE PHANTOM CLIPPER  
GO FORTH TO DIE... AND IN THE  
BLACK OF NIGHT, CAPTAIN AND  
CREW SAIL ON A MISSION  
FROM WHICH NO MAN CAN  
RETURN!... FOR WHAT ANSWER  
CAN BRAVE MEN MAKE WHEN  
THEIR COUNTRY CALLS... BUT...  
"WE ARE READY". THIS TIME  
THE PHANTOM CLIPPER MUST  
FOLLOW A WATERY TRAIL THAT  
LEADS TO THE BOTTOM OF THE  
SEA; WHILE A HANDFUL OF  
HEROES DO BATTLE WITH  
FIFTY MILLION FOES!

**ONE NIGHT...**





**AFTER TIGER HAS GONE...**

**A FEW DAYS LATER, ABOARD THE CLIPPER...**

HERE ARE OUR ORDERS, MEN! THE FLEET IS PLANNING TO ATTACK AND RECAPTURE LAKE ISLAND! MAJOR HARROWE IS THE ONLY MAN WHO KNOWS THE MINE FIELDS THAT BLOCK THE APPROACH TO THE HARBOR... AND MAJOR HARROWE IS A PRISONER OF THE JAPS!



**LATER... IN TIGER'S CABIN...**

JUDGIN' FROM THE MAP THE PRISON CAMP WHERE THEY GOT THE MAJOR AIN'T NOWHERES NEAR ANY HARBOR!

THE PRISON'S AT THE MOUTH OF THIS BAY... THE MAP SAYS THE ENTRANCE IS BLOCKED BY SAND BARS... BUT THE PHANTOM CLIPPER CAN GET THROUGH!



**MEANWHILE, IN THE PRISON AT NIGHT NIGH!**

MAJOR HARROWE, YOU PLEASE TO COME WITH ME: HONORABLE LEADER WISH TO ASK FEW QUESTIONS!

WHAT, AGAIN!





A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN THE RICHLY APPOINTED OFFICE OF THE LEADER...

AH... TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MAJOR FILLS MY HUMBLE HEART WITH DELIGHT!

LET'S SKIP THE FORMALITIES; I WON'T ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS. NOW BRING ON YOUR TORTURERS!

WE WILL NOT BE SO CRUDE: OUR USUAL METHODS WILL NOT WORK IN YOUR CASE

THANKS... BUT... WHAT'S THAT?

THAT WAS YOUR, ER... LATE FRIEND, CAPTAIN MINTOSH... WE JUST FOUND IT NECESSARY TO KILL HIM! TOMORROW WE WILL KILL TWO OF YOUR MEN... THEN FOUR! WE WILL CONTINUE TO DO THIS, UNTIL YOU TALK!

YOU FILTHY MURDEROUS SWINE... I'LL

GUARDS! HELP!

GUARDS SPRING FORWARD IN ANSWER TO THE CRY... BUT THEY ARE MET BY A MAN HALF-MAD WITH GRIEF AND FURY!

THIS ONE IS FOR MINTOSH

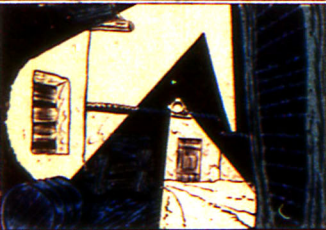
SOCK

YOU'VE HAD THIS COMING FOR A LONG TIME!

IN A FEW CRASHING MOMENTS, HARROWE MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE... THE STUNNED GUARDS ARE PARALYZED WITH THE SUDDENNESS OF THE ATTACK, AND THEN...

AFTER HIM, MEN! HE MUST NOT GET AWAY!

SEARCHLIGHTS CUT LIKE WHITE KNIVES ACROSS THE DARKNESS... LIGHTS BLAZE ON, REVEALING EVERY NOOK AND CORNER OF THE HUGE PRISON... A THROATY CLARION BLARES A HOARSE ALARM...



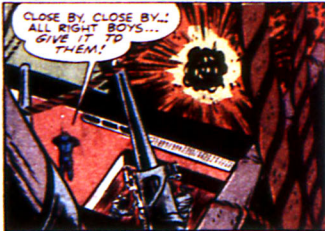
AND ANOTHER VISITOR IS SUDDENLY REVEALED... THE PHANTOM CLIPPER!... ON THE SHORE JAP BATTERIES SWING INTO ACTION...



OFF GOES THE FALSE SUPERSTRUCTURE... AND THE PHANTOM CLIPPER BECOMES THE DEADLIEST MAN-O-WAR THAT SAILS THE SEVEN SEAS...



THE JAP BATTERIES REDOUBLE THEIR FURY... AMID A HAIL OF FIERY STEEL, TIGER GIVES HIS ORDERS...



THE PHANTOM CLIPPER'S GUNS FIND THE RANGE, AND THE JAP BATTERIES ARE SILENCED IN THE RED-BLACK ROAR OF GEYSERING EARTH!



WHILE ON THE CLIPPER...

TURN OVER THE ENGINES... THE JAP FLEETS BEHIND US!



LIKE A PACK OF HUNGRY WOLVES, THE BATTLE UNITS OF THE JAP FLEET CLOSE IN BEHIND... CUTTING OFF THE POSSIBILITY OF ESCAPE!

ALLAH, PREPARE TO RECEIVE THY FAITHFUL SERVANT!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW, TIGER?

THEY WON'T COME AFTER US! THEY CAN'T CROSS THE SAND BARS! WE'RE GOING INTO SHORE!





ON THE SHORE THE REMORSELESS HUNT FOR MAJOR HARLOWE CONTINUES...

WE FIND HIM QUICK!  
TAKE THIS PATH, NGAI!  
I TAKE OTHER!



A FEW STEPS FURTHER THE OTHER JAP GUARDS RUN INTO AN AMBUSH...



TAKE THEM QUIETLY, MEN... WE DON'T WANT TO ALARM THE WHOLE CAMP!

SOCK!



ジャコウ？  
大敵だ！  
大敵だ！



BY THE PROPHET!  
I THINK YOU TALK TOO MUCH!



SHOTS RING OUT...THE JAP GUARDS STAGGER BACK AND PITCH OFF THE PRISON WALL...THE SEARCHLIGHTS GO DARK...EVERY SHOT HAS FOUND ITS MARK...!



*And Seconds Later...*





LATER ON A JAPANESE WARSHIP WAITING OUTSIDE THE BAY, A COMMANDER EXULTS...



THE JAP COMMANDER SPEAKS TOO LATE... FOR THE GUNS OF THE PHANTOM CLIPPER. POUR DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.



AND UNDER A TORRENT OF FRANTIC SHELLFIRE THE PHANTOM CLIPPER SHOWS A CLEAN PAIR OF HEELS TO HER PURSUERS!!



WE MADE IT! WE INVADED JAPAN!!

WHEW! I'LL BET THE MIKADO RAISES CAIN WHEN HE HEARS ABOUT THIS!

ALLAH HAS WILLED IT!



AND SOME TIME LATER IN AMERICA

THAT WAS THE MOST AMAZING FEAT IN AMERICAN NAVAL HISTORY, TIGER! I'LL NEVER KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO SAVE MAJOR HARROWE AND THE WHOLE LAKE ISLAND GARRISON...



THE WHOLE CREW DESERVES TO BE CONGRATULATED... SAY, WHO IS THAT FELLOW SCRUBBING DECKS?!

OH, HIM?!



HE'S JUST SOMEBODY WE HAPPENED TO PICK UP IN JAPAN!



# PRIVATE DOGTAG

THE WORLD'S DUMBEST SOLDIER!

**DOGTAG,**

ARMY PRIVATE AND PUBLIC NUISANCE, BECOMES A NATIONAL MENACE WHEN HE FALLS OFF A CLIFF INTO THE EVIL POWER OF VOODINI, INFAMOUS HYPNOTIST AND SECRET AGENT OF THE AXIS. DOGTAG'S MIND IS PUTTY IN THE HANDS OF THE HARD-BOILED HYPNOTIST.... BUT VOODINI FINDS THAT PUTTY MAKES A VERY POOR TOOL--WHEN IT'S ONLY HALF-BAKED.



SERGEANT ROARIGAN'S FONDNESS FOR BOILED POTATOES IS WELL KNOWN TO EVERYONE IN CAMP...

I PEEL AND BOILED THIS POTATO ESPECIALLY FOR YOU, SIR!

YUM! FORGET THE WEEK OF K.P. DUTY I ASSIGNED YOU, DOGTAG! I SEE YOU'RE GETTIN' SOME SENSE!



ISN'T THERE SOME BRANCH OF THE SERVICE WHERE I CAN TAKE UP SCULPTURING, SIR?

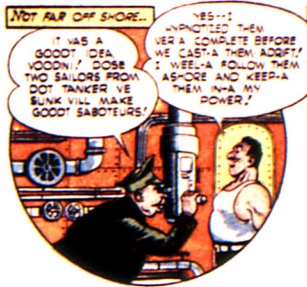


YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE UP YOUR RIFLE AND DO SENTRY DUTY ON SUICIDE HILL! GET GOING!

GULP! Y... YES, SIR!







DOGTAG AND VOODINI  
REACH THE LIFEBOAT  
AT THE SAME TIME...

AHA! A VER-A  
WEAK MIND! I  
WEE! HEEPNOTIZE-A  
HEEM!

ML...MASTER!



YOU MUST-A OBEY  
ME, SLAVE! HELP ME  
ROW-A THE BOAT  
QUEEK!

YES  
MASTER!



WHILE  
VOODINI  
ROWS TO A  
NEARBY  
BEACH, THE  
GERMAN  
U-BOAT  
SUBMERGES

NOW FILL-A THE  
BOAT WEETH ROCKS  
AND SEENK SET!

YOUR  
SLIGHTEST  
WISH IS MY  
COMMAND!



THEES-A DUMB PRIVATE EES-A  
COMPLETELY EEN-A MY POWER!  
WHAT A FINE SABOTEUR HE  
WEE-A MAKE! HEE-A UNIFORM  
WEE-A GET HEEM EEN  
ANYWHERE?

MEANWHILE...

QUIFF - QUIFF - YES  
SIR! A GERMAN  
SUB SURFACED  
NEAR THE DRIFTING  
LIFEBOAT--AS I RAN  
HERE I LOOKED BACK  
--AND SAW PRIVATE  
DOGTAG FALLING  
OFF THE CLIFF!

TURN IN A  
GENERAL  
ALARM WHILE  
I CALL OUT  
A SQUAD!

I HEAR-A PLANES--  
AND MEN  
RUNNING!

T'S SERGEANT  
ROARISAN  
WITH A SQUAD,  
MASTER!











PEEG! SEEMPLY  
BECAUSE HE WANT  
A BOMB, YOU  
GEEVE EET TO  
HEEM!

OW!



THAT  
NIGHT-



TAKE-A THEES CAMERA  
AND PHOTOGRAPH THE  
BLUE-PRINTS OF THE NEW  
B-26V! EET EES A  
SECRET PLANE...SO DO  
A GOOCHA JOB  
THEES TIME!

YES,  
MASTER!



AH..H! YOU TOOK-A  
THE PEECTURE!  
VER'A GOOD!

WE WEE!  
DEVELOP THE  
NEGATIVE AT-A  
ONCE!



LATER, IN THE BUNDIST HIDEOUT...

BY DER FUEHRER'S  
MUSTACHE!  
LOOK!

DOT DUMMAY  
HELD DER CAMERA  
BACKWARDS.

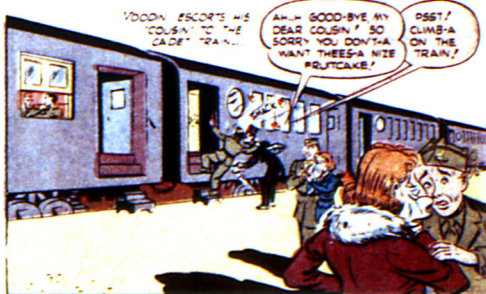
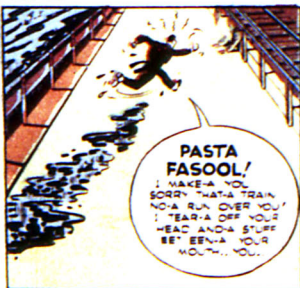


...UND TOOK A  
PICTURE OF DER  
GRAVY STAIN  
ON HIS  
NECKTIE!











NOBODY COULDA BE SO DUMB, HEEES SUBCONSCIOUS MIND MUSTA BE GUIDING HEEM TO RUIN MY PLANS! I WEEA KEEL HEEM FOR SURE THEES TIME!

WEENSTON CHURCHILL EES VEEGETING THEES COUNTRY...TAKE-A THEES BOMB UP AND-A THROW EET BENTO THE SEEXTH-A STORY WEENDOOW, EET EES CHURCHILL'S BEDROOM, HERE. I. LIGHT A DRY FUSE...

...AND A VERA SHORT FUSE EET EES! DOSTAG WEEEL BE KEELLED...HE CANT-A GET BACK BEFORE-A THE WHOLE BEDROOM WALL BLOWS OUT!



BUT AT THE FOURTH STORY WINDOW...

WHY DOSTAG! HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS A CHAMBER MAID HERE?

HOW NICE... CANDY!

SADIE!

OOPS!

AS THE BOMB EXPLODES ON THE SIDEWALK THE FIRE-RESCUE COLLAPSES...



...AND DOSTAG FALLS ON HIS HEAD BREAKING VOODINI'S HYPNOTIC SPELL!

OH! THIS IS WRETCHED! THE MAWSTERS...MR. CHURCHILL'S BULLDOG IS PENNED IN THAT BLOODY WRECKAGE!



LATER...

YES DOSTAG, WE DECODED THE LETTERS FOUND ON VOODINI AND LOCATED THE BUNDEST HIDEOUT! WE NOT ONLY CAPTURED THE WHOLE GANG BUT ALSO USED THEIR WIRELESS TO LURE THAT NAZI SUBMARINE INTO A TRAP!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TWO MEN IN THE LIFEBOAT, SIR?



A COUPLE OF TAPS ON THEIR HEADS BROUGHT THEM AROUND! I'LL BET YOU'LL STEER CLEAR OF HYPNOTISM FROM NOW ON!

YES SIR SERGEANT! I PROMISE!



THAT NIGHT...AT A BANQUET IN HONOR OF DOSTAG WINSTON CHURCHILL SPEAKS...

MAYBE IT WAS A ROUND-ABOUT WAY IN WHICH YOU SAVED MY LIFE, DOSTAG... BUT I APPRECIATE IT GREATLY...NEVER...THE...LE...MM? WHERE DID HE GO?

WAIT! I GET MY HANDS ON HIM! HE'S GETTIN' HIMSELF HYPNOTIZED ALL OVER AGAIN!





# BILL HATCH ..Hero!

**T**HIS is one of those stories of bravery and cool ability that come out of the war zones frequently, but which get little acclaim or publicity. Sometimes, of course, they make the headlines, depending upon whether there is a correspondent in the area.

There was one on hand when the adventure I'm about to relate took place. It was Bill Hatch, of the Examiner. Bill was a new recruit on the front lines and he was getting a big bang out of the whole thing. Getting good copy for his paper, too.

Our sector had moved up near Port Moresby, which is in New Guinea in case you're wondering. The Japs had been hammering the dickens out of everything for days, but there had come one of those lulls which happen in all battles. We figured that it was time to make our move, so we began making it. Infantry, artillery, gun crews, big trucks, everything. Included in this outfit was a huge truck which carried three collapsed barrage balloons, and the necessary equipment to inflate them. We intended running them up to keep some of the Jap dive bombers from getting too close.

We took up a position about ten miles from Port Moresby, right at the edge of the dense jungle which covers this entire island. But we had no more than bedded down the first night in camp than the Japs came after us, bombing and strafing. Our ack-ack fire blasted five of the enemy out of the sky, but they did us a lot of damage, one of their bombs blowing up a truck-load of ammo.

We figured somehow that our first night would be free of trouble. Well, we wouldn't be caught napping again!

The next day we dug gun emplacements, trenches, and stretched barbed wire. We got the three barrage balloons flattened out on

the ground and the charging apparatus in operation. Hydrogen gas is dangerous stuff. We were extremely careful near that inflating business.

Bill Hatch wrote a flock of copy for his paper and said he was going to take a stroll.

"Where you goin', Stupid!" I called. I was on very friendly terms with him. "Don't you know the Japs are out there in the woods lookin' for simple souls like you?"

Someone commented on the fact that Bill might really be taking a big chance traipsing into the jungle at night—or even during the day.

Sergeant Jones said Bill could well take care of himself, and there the matter ended.

I had been asleep for several hours when a terrific uproar broke out in camp. A machine gun began chattering and several rifles spoke. There were yells. I rolled out of my bunk and saw a flare shimmering high in the sky. I wondered whether it was enemy bombers or some of our stuff going up so that the boys could get a bead on whoever was bothering our night's rest. I didn't wait in suspense long. A squad of our men came into the compound carrying a stretcher. On the stretcher was Bill Hatch, and he was badly hurt. I could see that at a glance.

"What's the matter with him?" I asked one of the stretcher bearers.

"Three machine gun slugs through his chest, that's all," replied the man. "Think he's breathing his last."

Poor old Bill! I went with him to the medical tent and waited tensely while the Doc probed. There were three holes, all right, but two of them were high, barely nicking Bill's right lung. The other hole was through the left shoulder, also high.

"How is he? Will he pull

through?" I asked the doc.

He nodded. "Only one thing I'm afraid of—pneumonia," the doc said. "That'll be bad for him."

Well, Bill didn't pass out. He was a tough little jack. And we didn't know for days that he was a doomed man. Bill was one of the best natured guys I ever ran into, and he certainly wasn't one to spill his troubles to his pals. The fact is, none of us knew a thing about Bill's past. He was reticent on the subject and nobody probed him.

We moved up another ten miles the day that Bill was able to get about under his own power. He was aching for action, as he put it; wanted to get some copy off to his paper.

"How the heck can I get copy if we're going to hibernate in this jungle?" he wanted to know of the captain.

"You'll get all the action you want in the next few days, lad," the captain told him. "We're moving up as near to Port Moresby as we can get. You'll get your wish about action, Bill."

Bill grinned. "Lead on, Mac-Duff!" he cracked.

Strangely enough, we weren't bothered while we were on the march toward Port Moresby. I don't know why, but the Japs seemed to purposely lay off us. It was a cinch they knew our movements.

As I think about the thing now, I recall that Bill had a morbid curiosity about the three barrage balloons. He quite often rode on the big truck that hauled them. But I didn't notice his penchant for the gas bags so much until after it happened.

That move to Port Moresby was something to write home about. There are mosquitoes in New Guinea as big as oxen, and snakes are thick in the jungle morasses. Two of the ~~cars~~ were bitten and suffered intolerably.



but neither of the bites was fatal. We bogged down in a slimy region of swamp such as I have never seen, and lost one of the anti-aircraft gun carriages.

Then suddenly we were in the midst of a terrible bunch of battle. Without warning the Japs began pouring a deadly fire upon us—and there wasn't much cover. We were still in the swamps, and when a man fell he practically disappeared in a few minutes. It wasn't quicksand, but something decidedly on a par with it. I got stung in the left upper-arm with a bit of shrapnel. It didn't hurt, but I knew that poison developed quickly in such regions.

Bill Hatch was in his element. I never saw a guy so enraptured—if you can use that word—by a battle. The little scamp was a born soldier, as he proved that day and night.

When daylight was gone, the enemy slackened a bit, but several times a flare went up and they tossed bombs into our midst. We tried our best to draw back out of range of their shellfire, but they were on to us, and they gave us holy heck that night.

When dawn came, the enemy had moved ahead, and for that we were all thankful. But we knew we were in for a terrible siege.

The next three days were a nightmare of horror. I have never seen fiercer fighting than both sides put up. The casualties were terrific, especially on the Jap side, because they were forced to fight more in the open; we somehow managed to retain the screen of the denser jungle.

All this time that little cuss, Bill Hatch, kept going like a demon. I tell you he was crazy with the battle spirit. He forgot all about writing; he simply soldiered, like no other soldier in the regiment. He was especially interested in hurling hand grenades, and I think he must have heaved at least a hundred during those three days. The funny part of it is, most of them took a heavy toll of the enemy.

Our progress toward Port Moresby had slowed down to a snail's crawl, but we managed to

cover a few miles each day, losing many men while we moved.

Look, this all sounds rather discouraging for the khaki-clad lads, but let me tell you it was not a one-sided battle. Of course, we had no way of knowing how many men the Japs lost. The newspapers later carried the fantastic story that we had lost over ten thousand men, to the Japs' two thousand. But that is Nipponese propaganda.

We were approaching the edge of the jungle; in a few more miles we would be in open terrain, then there would be no protection.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we broke from the jungle under intense fire. The Japs were using flame throwers and it seemed that they had a million tanks all heading our way. They must have outnumbered us three to one, and their mechanized equipment was breath-taking. But somehow we advanced, slowly, at frightful cost to life, but we advanced. That is the American axiom.

I don't know how we stacked up in fighting planes, but the Japs had the heavens filled with Mitsuis and other types of their not-to-be-sneered-at battle planes. I saw some amazing dog-fights that day. And something else. I had heard a lot about the Japs' suicide tactics, but I had never put much credence in it. I changed my mind that hectic afternoon. On one occasion especially: An American 60-ton tank was far in advance of the rest of the regiment. The Japs had been shelling it like mad, but somehow it went on. Then I saw a Jap airman come screaming down toward that crawling monster and, without trying to pull out, dived his plane into the tank. There was nothing left but a hole in the ground big enough to bury the Woolworth Building.

Nightfall brought a lull. We made camp in the open and went to sleep fagged out. We got the three barrage balloons up, hoping they would discourage some of the Jap aerial stuff.

It was just at dawn that the thing happened. We came out of



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the fog with the din of battle blasting our eardrums. Then we knew the reason: the Japs had received reinforcements—an entire division, our Intelligence staff warned. We were doomed! Half our men were killed or wounded. We couldn't stand any more.

Then they were upon us. They beat us back a good quarter-mile from the point where the barrage balloons swayed in the breeze. Bill Hatch had disappeared. I thought he must have been shot. Yet I had seen him the night before.

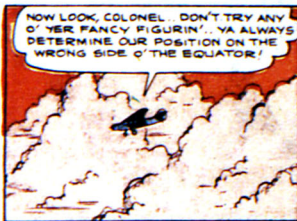
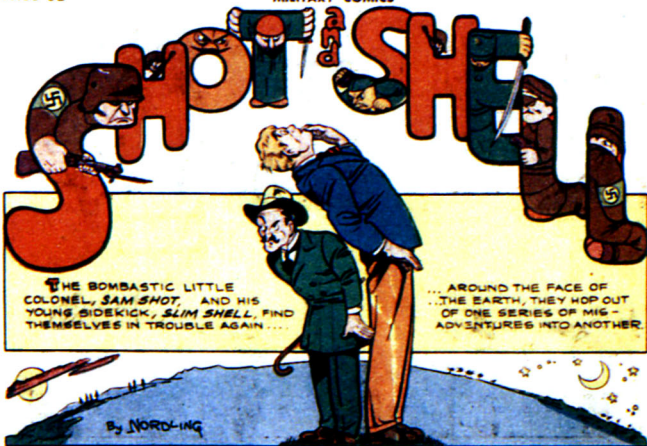
The Japs were concentrated in the immediate area of the barrage balloons. Then suddenly, when it looked as if we would be wiped out, an American fighting plane came screaming down out of the skies. I saw the figure of the pilot and three men all parachuting earthward. But the plane came on, boring straight down toward the barrage balloons.

It was over in a flash. The plane crashed into one of the balloons. There was a mighty detonation, and the world blew up.

I don't know how many Japs were wiped out, but the figure must have been frightful. Then we learned the truth: Bill Hatch had gone up in that plane and, at gun point, forced the pilot and crew to bail out. The rest you know.

And that, friends, is one of the stories of bravery and cool nerve that come out of the war zones frequently, but which get little acclaim or publicity.







CRIPES! THE ROBOT PILOT'S  
GOT OUR CRATE GOIN'  
AROUND IN A CIRCLE!



MIGHT I REITERATE MY  
PREVIOUS STATEMENT  
WE ARE DEFINITELY IN--



--- FRIENDLY TERRITORY



SO! ENGLISCHER OR AMERICANER! UND YOU  
SCHWEINER WORK IN LEAGUE MIT THESE  
GUERRILLA REBELS! UND YOU USE YOUR  
PLANE TO LURE OUR STUKAS INTO  
RANGE OF DER REBEL ANTI-AIRCRAFT  
JA WOHL, VERY CLEVER!



YOU ARE  
NOT IN  
UNIFORMS!  
SO YOU ARE  
SPIES!  
GOOT VE  
GIF YOU UNIFORMS  
VOODEN  
VUNS!



I'M TOO BUSY TO BE YER CORPSE,  
BUB!



I BELIEVE IT BEHOOVES US TO  
PART COMPANY WITH THESE  
BOORS!



MIGHT I AMEND MY  
PREVIOUS STATEMENT.  
WE ARE DEFINITELY IN  
HOSTILE TERRITORY!



?

EGAD! I WITHDRAW  
ALL MY PREVIOUS  
STATEMENTS!















True  
Stories  
Of Daring  
War Adventures



Reported Exclusively  
for this Magazine  
by our Ace  
Correspondent

This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureaus

# LIFE- LINE TO THE EAST

Seven hours flying time across the Atlantic Ocean. That's the record to date, made by men who are doing it many times each week, without the publicity and parades which marked the ocean flights of a few years ago. Furthermore, flying the ocean is merely one leg of the long flight. Army bombers, transport planes and cargo planes must continue on to be delivered, along with what supplies and equipment they carry, to the Allied Forces fighting in Egypt and in the Far East.

Crossing burning deserts and towering, uncharted mountains, where motor failure means probable death, has become just part of a day's work to the transport and bomber crews who are not only keeping open, but are constantly expanding this life line to the East.

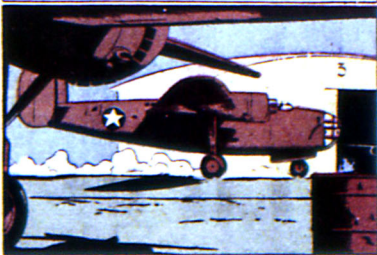


OKAY, LIEUTENANT JACKSON,  
YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS--  
AND THERE'LL BE OTHERS--  
FOLLOWING YOU...GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU, SIR...  
WE'LL GET HER  
ACROSS...



RECEIVING CLEARANCE, THE HEAVILY LADEN  
CONSOLIDATED B-24 ROARS DOWN THE FIELD,  
LOCATED SOMEWHERE ON THE EASTERN COAST



THE BIG BOMBER DRONES  
SOUTHWARD, ALONG THE  
EAST COAST



PUERTO RICO COMING UP..ORDERS  
ARE TO TAKE LANDING STATIONS!  
C'MON, WIGGINS...YOU CAN SEE  
THE GROUND BETTER AFTER  
WE LAND...



THE BOMBARDIER JOINS  
THE REST OF THE CREW  
ASTERN AS THE PLANE  
DESCENDS



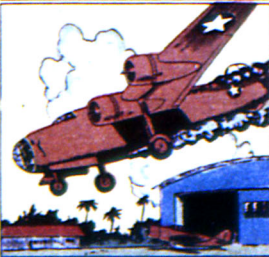
REFUELED, THE BOMBER IS  
HELD UP AS ANOTHER B-24  
COMES IN FOR A LANDING



THAT MUST BE  
SHORTY RYAN...  
...HEY...THAT  
PLANE'S ON FIRE!



A SUDDEN PLUME OF BLACK SMOKE  
GUSHES OUT OF THE INCOMING B-24...  
IT WOBBLER OFF ON ONE WING...





THE PILOT TRIES DESPERATELY TO  
LIFT THE NOSE... BUT TO NO AVAIL...



WE'LL GET THE JITTERS IF  
WE SIT HERE... SHORTY  
NEVER MADE A LANDING  
LIKE THAT BEFORE !!



SOUTHWARD, ON THE NEXT  
LEG OF THEIR FLIGHT....



...LANDING ON THE EAST COAST  
OF SOUTH AMERICA... THE LAST  
STOP BEFORE THE LONG OCEAN  
FLIGHT ACROSS THE SOUTH ATLANTIC



YOU FELLOWS WILL  
BE RUSHED SOON...  
THERE'S A BUNCH  
OF B-24'S COMING  
DOWN BEHIND US

WE CAN  
HANDLE  
'EM,  
LIEUTENANT



A FINAL WEATHER CHECK,  
AND THE BIG BOMBER IS  
ON ITS WAY AGAIN....!!



HOT DOGS!... AFRICA...  
NEXT STOP...!!



LONG, MONOTONOUS HOURS PASS AS THE BOMBER DRONES TOWARD THE AFRICAN COAST



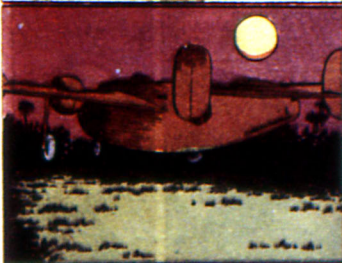
THOSE FERRY PILOTS THAT SHUTTLE BACK AND FORTH OVER THIS OCEAN, CAN HAVE THAT JOB...I WOULDN'T WANT IT...



ON YOUR TOES, BOYS...AFRICA, COMING UP



A BRIEF REST AT THE WEST AFRICAN COAST FIELD...AND THE BOMBER CONTINUES ON...



OH, BROTHER...DESERT FLYING IS AS BAD AS OCEAN FLYING...DON'T SLIP UP ON THE NAVIGATING, PAL...



WE HAVE TO FIND OUR NEXT AIR FIELD IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS DESERT!



CRACK NAVIGATING LOCATES THE DESERT AIRPORT...AND THEN ALEXANDRIA...WHERE THE TIRED CREW RECEIVES A CHANGE IN ORDERS



WE'RE THROWING IN EVERY AVAILABLE PLANE TO BOMB ROMMEL'S FORCES...! YOU MEN WILL MOVE UP TOMORROW TO HELP OUT TEMPORARILY



IF WE SEE THE TARGET, SIR... BOMBARDIER WIGGINS WILL TAKE CARE OF IT





EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

YOUR OBJECTIVES ARE A GROUP OF SUPPLY SHIPS AND TROOP TRANSPORTS NEARING TOBRUK... PROTECTED BY ITALIAN WARSHIPS AND PROBABLY GERMAN PLANES



SOON THE B-24'S ARE DRONING OVER THE MEDITERRANEAN... THEIR BOMBRACKS LOADED WITH MORE HEADACHES FOR THE AXIS



THE CONVOY IS EVENTUALLY SIGHTED JUST OFF TOBRUK.....



MEAT ON THE TABLE BOYS!!... KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR THOSE GERMAN ESCORT PLANES! START EARNING YOUR SALARY BOMBARDIER WIGGINS!!



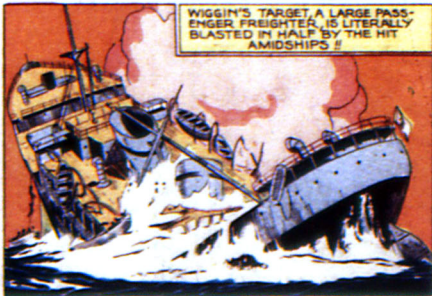
BOMBS AWAY!!



NOT BAD...!! TWO NEAR MISSES... WOW!!... A DIRECT HIT...!!



WIGGIN'S TARGET, A LARGE PASS-ENGER FREIGHTER, IS LITERALLY BLASTED IN HALF BY THE HIT AMIDSHIPS!!



MEANWHILE, THE OTHER BOMBERS ARE DROPPING THEIR STICKS OF BOMBS UPON THE MAD SCRAMBLE OF AXIS SHIPS...!!



A FLIGHT OF GERMAN MESSERSCHMITT 109-F'S, ARRIVING TOO LATE TO PROTECT THE CONVOY, DIVES DOWN...GRIMLY DETERMINED TO AVENGE THE LOSS...



ANOTHER HIT TEARS AWAY THE BOW OF AN ITALIAN CRUISER...!



BLAZING FURIOUSLY A BIG TRANSPORT CONTINUES ON AT FULL SPEED...UNABLE TO LAUNCH ANY BOATS...THE SURVIVORS ARE FORCED TO LEAP INTO THE SEA...



WE'RE SURE MESSING UP THAT CONVOY...THERE GOES THEIR BIG TRANSPORT...SHE'S BURNING!!



SUDDENLY...!!

BANDITS AT 3 O'CLOCK...!! AT 3 O'CLOCK!!



HE ENGLISH SQUADRON COMMANDER IS WORRIED ABOUT THE 'GREEN' AMERICAN CREW IN THE NEW B/24.



...HANDLED THEMSELVES WELL IN THE BOMBING...GOT THAT BIG FREIGHTER...HOPE THEY HOLD FORMATION NOW...!!

BOMBARDIER WIGGINS SUDDENLY SEES HIS FIRST ENEMY PLANE...APPROACHING HEAD ON AT 400 M.P.H....!!





WIGGINS!!...FOR CRYING IN THE NIGHT...WHAT'RE YOU DOING? COUNTING THE HOUSE?...GET THAT GUY BEFORE HE GETS US...!!



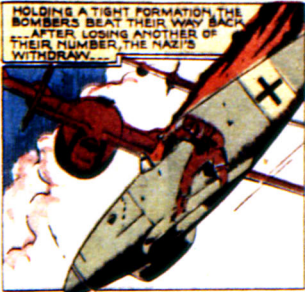
...AS THE NAZI PLANE ZOOMS, THE BOMBARDIER RECOVERS FROM HIS SURPRISE... AND GETS IN A BELATED BURST...



HIS AIM IS CHIEFLY LUCK... THE MESSERSCHMITT ROLLS OVER, SPOUTING FLAME AND SMOKE!



HOLDING A TIGHT FORMATION, THE BOMBERS BEAT THEIR WAY BACK... AFTER LOSING ANOTHER OF THEIR NUMBER, THE NAZI'S WITHDRAW...



ONE FREIGHTER AND ONE MESSERSCHMITT!! NOT BAD FOR OUR DEBUT, EH, CHUM!

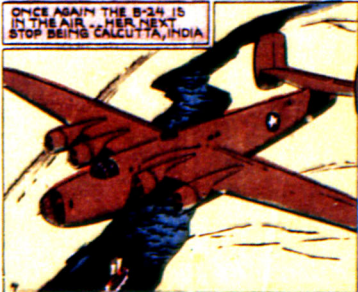


BACK AT THE FIELD...

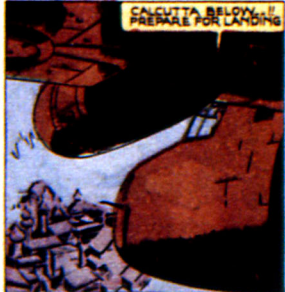
REPLACEMENTS HAVE ARRIVED, SO YOU MEN ARE TO CONTINUE ON TO YOUR ORIGINAL DESTINATION... YOU CERTAINLY MADE YOUR SHORT STAY WITH US A PROFITABLE ONE...GOOD WORK, LIEUT. SMAT!



ONCE AGAIN THE B-24 IS IN THE AIR...HER NEXT STOP BEING CALCUTTA, INDIA.



CALCUTTA BELOW... PREPARE FOR LANDING



THE FOLLOWING MORNING—  
THE CREW PREPARE TO TAKE  
OFF ON THE LAST LEG OF  
THEIR LONG FLIGHT...

YOU HAVE YOUR COURSE, BUT  
IF THE CLOUDS CLOSE DOWN,  
I'D ADVISE YOU TO GET PLENTY  
OF ALTITUDE BECAUSE OF THE  
MOUNTAINS...

YES,  
SIR.



WHEN HE SAID 'MOUNTAINS',  
HE WASN'T KIDDING...

THAT'S MOUNT  
EVEREST OVER  
THERE...WE'RE  
OVER THE ROOF  
OF THE WORLD!



THE BIG BOMBER WEAVES  
IN AND OUT OF THE  
TOWERING MOUNTAIN PEAKS



WE SHOULD BE COMING INTO  
KUNMING WITHIN AN HOUR...  
HOPE WE CAN FIND A HOLE  
IN THESE CLOUDS WHEN WE  
ARRIVE



WE'RE AT THE END OF  
THE LINE, BOYS!!...  
DOWN WE GO....



...AFTER TRAVELING HALF  
WAY AROUND THE WORLD,  
THE BOMBER LANDS AT  
KUNMING, CHINA....READY  
TO DO HER PART IN THE  
BATTLE AGAINST JAPAN!!



## U.S. HERO STAMP

ENSIGN DONALD FRANCIS MASON WAS AWARDED  
THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS AND SILVER  
STAR FOR SINKING TWO ENEMY SUBMARINES IN  
THE ATLANTIC. HE REPORTED THE FIRST SINKING,  
WHEN HE DROPPED TWO DEPTH BOMBS ON A U-  
BOAT WITH HIS NOW FAMOUS MESSAGE....  
"SIGHTED SUB, SANK SAME"... WEEKS LATER,  
HE SANK HIS SECOND SUB WHILE ON A ROUTINE  
PATROL FLIGHT





JULY 4TH FINDS A LONE U.S. SUBMARINE PROWLING THROUGH THE WATERS IN THE KISKA AREA IN THE ALEUTIANS... ON THE HUNT FOR JAP SHIPPING

# Pacific Patrol

HEARING A LAND-LOCKED ISLAND HARBOR, THE SUB COMMANDER RAISES THE PERISCOPE AND FINDS HIMSELF LOOKING SQUARELY AT THREE NEW 1,700 TON JAP DESTROYERS RIDING AT ANCHOR....



DESPITE THE FACT THAT DESTROYERS ARE THE DEADLIEST ENEMIES OF THE SUBS, THE COMMANDER DECIDES TO STAGE AN AUDACIOUS ATTACK

AND BOTH TORPEDOES FIND THEIR MARK...!! THE FOREMOST DESTROYER IS BLOWN IN TWO !!

THE JAP CREW ON THE SECOND DESTROYER GAPE IN AMAZEMENT



READY WITH TORPEDOES... RANGE 1,000 YDS... FIRE ONE...! FIRE TWO...!



CANNOT BE!! SOMESING BE WRONG!!

TWO MORE TORPEDOES BLAST THE SECOND SHIP....

...AND THREE MINUTES FROM THE TIME THE FIRST DESTROYER IS HIT, THE THIRD JAP SHIP IS STRUCK A DEATH BLOW....!!

THE VICTORIOUS SUB RETREATS FROM THE NARROW HARBOR AND RETURNS SAFELY TO HER BASE



# ANNOUNCING

## AMAZING NEW

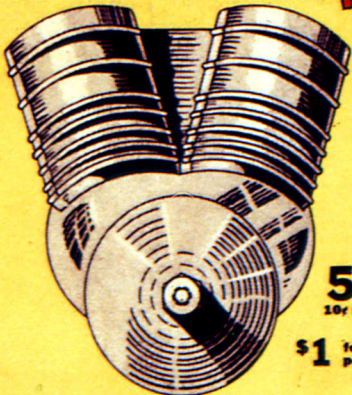
# BIKO-MOTOR



**Hi Boys!**

It gives me pleasure to bring you for the first time a little gadget for your bike that produces the roar of a real motor.

**Jim Prentice**



**50¢**  
10¢ mailing

**\$1** for two  
postpaid



*The Roar of a Twin  
Engine Motorcycle*

*The idea of a Radio Sound effects man*

This ingenious motor-like cutout makes the roar of a real engine when attached to the axle of your bicycle. Two fibre fingers make the contacts and all the world thinks it a motorcycle. The motor shaped cutout is made of masonite and acts as a sounding board. There's nothing to get out of order. Black cylinders with highlighted fins and bright work. Easily and quickly attached. Introductory price 50¢ plus 10¢ mailing. TWO, one for each side of the wheel \$1 postpaid. **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.**



*Money Back  
Guarantee*

**RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY**

ELECTRIC GAME CO.  
100 Canal St., Holyoke, Mass.

☐ Please rush ONE Biko-Motor.

AMOUNT  
ENCLOSED

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_



# CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

## Get it the American Way



52 PC  
DINNER  
SET

Girls!  
Boys!  
Get this fine  
ROSE DIN-  
NER SET for mother. Sell only  
one order. Sent Ex-  
pressage.  
Collect.



GIRLS! You'll  
love this FULL  
SIZE TOILET &  
MANICURE  
SET. Given for  
selling only one  
order.



THE PRETENSE'S FAMOUS  
ELECTRIC FOOTBALL GAME  
Boys! Don't miss the  
thrill of this fast moving  
Electric Game.



Boys!  
Girls!  
Get this  
famous  
Chemistry Set  
without  
cost!



NEW  
CANDID TYPE CAMERA  
Easy to focus, quick in operation.  
Given for selling only one order.



U. S. ARMY  
OUTFIT

A WONDERFUL  
BOYS' PRIZE

Belt, holster and army Colt Re-  
peater cap pistol. Given for  
selling only one order.

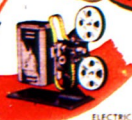


CHEM-CRAFT CHEMISTRY SET. How  
of instructive fun. Given for solid  
only one order.

VICTORY WATCH & FOR  
Newest type watch w/  
track dial & red secret  
indicator. Sell at  
one order.



W-RIST WATCH for boys,  
girls, men & women. Given  
for selling only one order, plus 75c  
extra.



ELECTRIC  
MOVIE OUTFIT

with film. Given for selling only one  
order, plus 50c extra. Show movies at home.



GENE  
AUTRY  
COMPLETE  
HOLSTER SET

You can be a  
straight-shootin'  
cowboy with this Gene  
Autry holster, cap  
pistol, handkerchief and  
hat. All given for selling  
only one order. 4 Xmas  
Packs.

### OTHER PRIZES FOR YOU

Given per plan in  
our BIG PRIZE BOOK.  
Complete Electric  
Train Set  
Take Me Along  
Coke  
A-Plane Set  
Ice Skates  
G-Man Finger  
Pistol Set  
Ukulele  
Family Bible  
Sleepy Head Doll  
Electric Lamp  
Pen & Pencil Set  
with Dictionary  
Gene Autry Guitars

## GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY "AMERICAN" WAY!

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself and gifts for Mother and Dad.

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Catalog are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in BIG PRIZE CATALOG.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 2 Beautiful Xmas Cards, 2 Envelopes and 24 sparkling Xmas Seals. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Catalog.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Catalog—tell us what prize you want. SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 505 Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 505 LANCASTER, PA.

Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and in  
order of 40 Xmas Packs I will resell them at 10c  
each send you the money and get my prize.

My choice of prize is

Name

Street Address  
or P.O. Box

City